

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXV.

CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1867.

NUMBER 33.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Dollars a year Cash—Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING, PER SQUARE.

For the first insertion, \$1.50; for the second, \$1.00; for the third, 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements, \$1.50 each insertion.

The space occupied by ten lines (solid, of this size type) constitutes a square.

Payment is required in advance from transient advertisers, and as soon as the work is done, from regular customers.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the American Farmer. THE SULKY CULTIVATOR.

In reply to inquiries we give below a description of the Sulky Cultivator. We learn from reliable sources that it has been sufficiently tested to determine its working value, in the hands of an ordinarily intelligent workman.

The driver, it will be observed, takes his ease in his sulky, and may whistle all day through his own corn field. He drives two horses, one on each side of the corn row, and the working may be continued till the corn is shoulder high—which is long enough. The description here given is that of the manufacturer.

Those who have used the Cultivator, will heartily agree with us, that the work is well and thoroughly done by the use of the adjustable shanks and reversible shovels, whereby any reasonable quantity of earth can be thrown either to or from the corn; that the shanks are so attached to the frame that the shovels can be arranged to run close together, or distant from each other; and that while the front shovels can be adjusted to throw the soil either to or from the corn, the rear shovels can be arranged to operate the reverse, plowing either deep or shallow, as it may be desired.

The driver can easily and readily guide and turn the Cultivator by the use of his feet, having both of his hands free to manage the team; by pressing on the stirrup with either to the right or left, as the case may be; and when neither foot is used, the Cultivator will follow the direction of the team.

We fully appreciate the necessity of having agricultural implements strongly built and well proportioned, and have spared no pains to make the "Star-Ford" simple, durable, and substantial, used nothing but the best material, and employing the best mechanics and workmen.

The draft is as light as that of any cultivator built, but in this respect excelling many now offered for sale. We have but to say that it is not hard work for two horses, as evidenced by the thousands that are in use, all of which have been operated with the ordinary farming teams of the country.

By the use of this Cultivator much manual labor is saved, one person—riding on the plow—doing the work of two single shovel plows, or of four men with hoes, completing his labor with but little fatigue.

The main frame rests on an axle-tree supported by high wheels, running four feet apart. The frame is about two and a half feet from the ground, and to it are attached four plows—two passing each side of the row to be cultivated. It requires but one man to operate the machine.

The driver controls the direction of the Cultivator with his feet in a very simple and effective manner, having both hands free at all times to manage the team. The process is as follows: The tongue is pivoted to the front end of the frame work, and extends two feet back to the point where it is pivoted; on the rear end of the tongue there is a circular arm, which rests and slides on a corresponding circle attached to the frame work; four stirraps or projections are placed on this circular arm, on which the driver rests his feet; and thus, if he presses his right foot, he changes the line of the draft, and the machine turns to the left; if he presses neither foot, the machine follows the direction of the team. By this simple arrangement the machine is guided quite easily, while the team keeps on a straight course.

Attached to the cultivator is a feeder, which effectually prevents the small corn from being covered. This is so constructed as to be readily put on or taken off, as the size and growth of the corn may demand. This feeder

is self-adjusting, accommodating itself to uneven ground, and to the direction the Cultivator may be guided.

The application of 'self-adjusting plows,' to this Cultivator, is so novel, that it has excited to surprise and admiration of all who have seen or used it. All farmers are aware that if the common plow strike an unseen obstacle, such as a root or a rock, the obstacle must either give way or the team be brought suddenly to a stand, or the plow or harness or both must break; and the trouble and expense accruing from such accidents, are important considerations. In Stafford's Cultivator this objection is entirely overcome. The shanks to which the plows are attached are pivoted to the frame work, and to the front shank is attached a chain, which goes forward and passes around a pulley and then back to the rear shank, the point of the plows being back of a perpendicular line from where the shanks are pivoted to the frame. Now when the front plow strikes an obstruction, it raises itself until it clears the obstruction, while the rear plow, remaining in the ground, brings it to its place again. The rear plow operates in the same manner, except that the front plow remains in the ground and brings it to its place immediately.

Throwing the plows out of the ground, is done by means of a joint in a frame in front of the axle-tree. The driver, by rising partially from his seat, and throwing his weight on the front of the frame work, causes the joint to go down, and raises the rear plow entirely out of the ground, while the front plows fall back under the axle-tree. The plows should always be thrown out before turning round.

The plows are made of the best cast steel, of an oblong shape, and can readily be so arranged as to make a wide or narrow furrow, or so as to throw the soil to or from the corn. The depth is easily gauged by lengthening or shortening the chain mentioned previously.

A prominent feature is the ease with which the Cultivator is turned. It can be turned around in one-fourth the space required for other wheeled cultivators, without cramping the team or straining the machine. It will also operate in all kinds of ground.

DON'T CULTIVATE ORDINARY LAND WITHOUT MANURE.—Recollect, it costs you on our average soils, ten dollars or more, to make an acre of corn with hired labor, and fifteen or more to make and gather an acre of cotton. If you do not look closely after your hands, it will cost you a good deal more than that. Now, every acre cultivated, that will not yield crops worth at least the above amounts, will not only be no profit, but run you into debt. Larger crops still, required, to obtain a profit on hired labor. Lands, then, which will not yield such crops, we must let rest, or manure them sufficiently or we lose money. At least half of our poorest soils, hitherto devoted to corn and cotton, should be thrown out to rest and the balance enriched. How long will it take us to exhaust what little capital we have left, if for every acre on which we can make a net profit of ten dollars we continue to cultivate five, which lack from three to ten dollars each of meeting the actual cost of cultivation. There are few lands which will not yield a profit, if commercial manures are judiciously applied.

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not effect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

### From the New Orleans Picayune. THE REMOVAL OF GENERAL JOHNSTON'S REMAINS.

At the hour of 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the St. Louis Cemetery was the scene of an assemblage, such as never before had been witnessed within those ancient walls, which enclose the mortal remains of so many who, in their time, had been loved and revered by the population of Louisiana.

It was the occasion of the disinterment and removal of the remains of one who, though neither a native nor a resident of New Orleans, was perhaps dearer than either native or resident, in the hearts of its people—General Albert Sydney Johnston, the hero chieftain of the Confederate army, the victor and victim of the bloody field of Shiloh.

The State of Texas had sent a committee for the purpose of superintending this duty, and yesterday was appointed for the examination. It was generally known throughout the city that the disinterment and removal was to take place yesterday at 3 o'clock, but no formal invitation had been issued to the public to attend the ceremony.

Although the event was one which appealed directly to the sensibilities and emotions of the people of New Orleans, the ceremonies were conducted without any of the pagantry and pomp which usually characterize such occasion. No blazonry of military rank marked the simple processions which accompanied the remains from the tomb to the steamer. No note of martial music measured the solemn tread of the long line of mourners.

No stranger could have supposed that the plainly attired pall-bearers who walked beside the hearse were Generals high in rank and in reputation—men who had led armies to battle and to victory; who had defended cities and who had organized campaigns. Among them were several who had been the friends and associates of the deceased in the old army of the United States, and some who had been his in the recent war, who had stood beside him on that fatal but glorious day which deprived the Confederacy of his services. There was Beauregard, the favorite son of Louisiana, who immediately succeeded him in command of the army, there was Bragg, his energetic and indefatigable chief of staff; there was Buckner, who so gallantly fulfilled the chieftain's orders, by the heroic but fruitless defence at Donelson.

It is remarkable, too, that among this distinguished assemblage, there were three men, Beauregard, Bragg and Hood, who had each in turn succeeded to the command of the army upon which the life and death of its first leader seemed to impress a peculiar character and a strange fatality—an army, whose history was illustrated by so many heroic deeds and so many signal misfortunes—an army which seemed to have inherited its heaviest burden from his life, and its misfortunes from his death.

Besides those just named, there were present among the pall-bearers, General Richard Taylor, who achieved the splendid victories of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill; General Harry T. Hays, who commanded the famous Louisiana Brigade in the army of Virginia; General James Longstreet, whose name is memorable as a commander of a corps in General Lee's army, and who won distinction on so many battle-fields, from Virginia to Georgia, at Manassas and the second Manassas, at Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Chancellorsville and at the Wilderness; General Jeff. Thompson, so renowned for his partisan exploits; General R. L. Gibson, who fought under the lamented Johnston at Shiloh, and who led his brigade of Louisianians through all the bloody battles in which the Army of the West was engaged; General Dabney H. Maury, whose gallant defences of Mobile, added a tinge of glory to the closing of the war; Colonel George Deas, whose valuable services in the Army of Virginia are well known to all, and Colonel P. M. Lockett, who commanded with signal ability one of the finest Texas regiments in the late war.

The members of the Texas delegation, acting as pall-bearers, were Colonel Ashbel Smith, Chairman; General N. G. Shelby; Colonel D. W. Jones, and Major Tom Ochiltree.

The line of pedestrians was many squares in length, and after these came a number of mourners in carriages. The utmost decorum pervaded

the masses of people who were assembled on the sidewalks to witness the procession; and the feeling was manifested to such an extent, that the transit of the street cars and other vehicles was stayed along the whole route.

Upon the arrival of the remains at Algiers, they were placed by the pall-bearers in the ladies' parlor of the depot building of the Opelousas Railroad, where they were left in charge of Lieut. John Crowley, who lost a hand at Belmont, and an arm at Shiloh, and others who were named while serving under the deceased at his last great battle.

This guard of honor, mostly from Algiers, will watch them tenderly and well until the hour of their departure for Texas this morning. The remains will reach Galveston on the 25th inst., and probably arrive at Houston on Sunday next. From thence they are to be forwarded at once to Austin, their final resting place.

GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.—A terrible tornado swept across the belt of country seventy-five miles above Vicksburg on the 1st inst. Its course was southwest by northeast, varying towards west. It came in the form of a water-spout from the west, crossing from the Louisiana shore at the Morgan plantation, sweeping through Island 97, making a line through the timber some four hundred yards wide, and striking with full force the residence of Mrs. E. R. Nelson. In a moment every building on the plantation was prostrated, fences blown down, and everything that offered resistance to its fury swept away.

On the Louisiana side every plantation in the neighborhood of Milliken's Bend was more or less damaged. Dr. Daney's dwelling house, steam-mill, gin house and quarters were blown down, and the negro quarters on the plantations in the vicinity were also destroyed. The new Catholic church at Milliken's Bend was leveled to its foundation. Several negroes are reported killed on the Louisiana side.

At the very moment Mrs. Nelson's plantation was reached by the whirlwind, a plantation some distance off was struck by another and distinct tornado, doing great damage. The largest trees were twisted from their roots, lifted into the air and carried to incredible distances as if they were cornstalks.

Mrs. Nelson has a large family of children and grandchildren, numbering in all eleven. When Mr. Samuel Nelson saw that the dwelling would be struck by the approaching tornado, he called to all the family to leave the house, unfortunately some of the younger members were in the interior of the house, and Mrs. Nelson, ever watchful over her helpless flock, went in pursuit of them, and were found, after the storm had passed off, buried under the fallen timbers, within a few feet of each other. Mrs. Nelson lived only half an hour. The two children were found under the bricks of a fallen chimney, and one of them seriously injured. Every member of the family were more or less injured.

A correspondent of the *Herald* says: The rails of a fence, for a considerable distance, were blown probably for miles, as they have not been found on the plantation. A gentleman who witnessed its passage through Island 97, says he distinctly saw trees that had been wrenched from their trunks, hundreds of feet in the air. The residence was apparently only touched by the outer portion of the column, but one row of the quarters and some other buildings were struck with full force, and the earth for a considerable space—over two hundred feet—gives evidence of a torrent of water having passed over it, removing everything, and hurling through the air a heavy pair of timber wheels for the distance of sixty yards. Bricks have been found hundreds of yards from the dwelling. A wagon, with a pair of mules attached, was carried in an opposite direction to the course of the wind, some ninety feet, overturned and smashed, and the mules lying partially under the wagon. I could name many incredible things that must be seen to be believed.

A Maine editor says he cannot imagine when editors have leisure time, "unless it is after the ferryman carries us over the Styx, and then we have no doubt the old fellow would besiege us for a puff on his boat."

DISTRESS IN LONDON.—A writer in the *London Times* thus describes the deplorable poverty that exists among the poor in the East of London:

Sickening and heart-rending have been the scenes of distress I have witnessed during my four months' voluntary employment of doing what I could, in my humble degree, to assist in alleviating the misery of some of my fellow-creatures. Upwards of 500 families during that time have been brought under my notice, and I can unhesitatingly affirm such a season of distress and misery was never before experienced in this locality. He adds that during all the summer months, owing to the scarcity of work and the visitation of cholera, many families had to part with clothing, bedding, and everything upon which money could be obtained, so that when winter set in they had nothing left to dispose of, and the pawnbrokers, whose shops are already crammed with goods, care but to give the merest trifle for things which may never be redeemed. Now the distress was fearfully and palpably developed by the continuance of the cold weather. To particularize cases of distress, he says, is almost beyond his power. It is widespread, and almost universal. He has seen three and four families in one house where the fathers have had, perhaps, not more than a few weeks' work since the middle of last May, and twenty, thirty, and even as many as sixty duplicates had sometimes been shown him—the silent, but mournful representatives of what was once a comfortable home.

A gentleman residing in the West India road, writing on Sunday last, states that he had visited many of the working people at their houses in that neighborhood, and that the distress among the mechanics and laborers is appalling. Many of them, he says, are quite disheartened, sitting within bare walls, with neither bed nor clothing, and with their children almost naked and famishing. Strong young men had burst into tears on seeing him enter, and pointed to their starving wives and children in silent despair. Some among them had been very improvident; but others quite the reverse. He had that day relieved a young man with four children, who was an ironworker, and had been out of employment for many months. He was a teetotaler, and had husbanded his saved earnings to the last, and now, with his family, had nothing to lie upon but the bare floor, and nothing to cover them but a single sheet.

The writer adds that he could fill a volume with cases of like destitution, and that he fears the late conduct of the Shipwrights' Union at the Thames Ironworks will do much harm, and subject many innocent persons to suffering. The Rector of Bethnal-green (Mr. Hansard) writes that there is a great deal of distress there; the commercial panic, the cholera, and the frost had severely affected the working classes; that the rates are now in the proportion of eight shillings in the pound a year; that the workhouse is full, every spare place being occupied by a bed; and that on Tuesday last, eight hours were spent in inquiring into the outdoor cases. The pittance of two shillings or three shillings a week, he says, might well be supplemented by private benevolence. The Secretary of the Dock and Wharf Laborer's Association, High street, Shadwell, writing on Saturday last, thinks he may safely say 20,000 of those classes are now quite out of employment and had not earned a shilling for the last two months; that probably 15,000 of them are dragging out a miserable existence by pledging little things and selling articles of furniture; and that the rest are receiving scanty relief from the parishes of Whitechapel, Bethnal-green, Spital-fields, Shadwell, Poplar and Wapping.

PLANTING—SOUND ADVICE.—A Mississippi Planter gives the following advice: There is danger that our own misguided policy may do us more injury than any mere political movement. Since our cotton is heavily taxed, ought we not to raise that which is not taxed? As I have said before, the best and wisest protection which we can have against high tariffs and high taxes on our cotton, is to manufacture the cotton which we raise, and I might add, to produce the food we consume.

If we escape general confiscation,

there is danger that the policy which we have been pursuing (and I fear will continue to pursue) will produce general starvation. I think it probable that Mississippi is in a worse condition to-day, so far as the necessities of life are concerned, than she was on the day of the surrender. It is all owing, I think, to our attempt to raise too much cotton, in which we have failed signally; and change of policy only can save us—raise our supplies and let cotton be our surplus. It requires much continuous labor during the year, and is subject to so many casualties, it is not safe to rely on it as the sole means of providing ourselves with the necessities and comforts of life.

The tax on cotton, an Alabama paper says, is equivalent to a rental of, on an average, of seven dollars and fifty cents an acre upon all the land planted in cotton.

If this should have the effect of diverting the attention of planters from cotton to the production of corn and meat, the South may yet be benefited at the expense of New England manufacturers and Northwestern farmers.

It would be well if the freedmen could see that their radical friends are taxing their labor rather heavily.

SELFISHNESS.—It is said selfishness has no soul; that it is a heart of stone encased in iron. Though the spirit of selfishness aims to grasp all, there is, in reality, nothing so self-sacrificing. It robs its own grave, mortgages its own bones, and sells its own soul. The man who is all for himself, is better to himself than a suicide. He perils all the future for a present gratification; he borrows pleasure at an exorbitant rate of usury, and pays by the immolation of himself, body and soul. Having no eyes to see the miseries of the world, no ear for the wailings of the wretched, no heart for sympathizing with distress, he turns away from all, and seeks to enjoy himself alone. He imagines that his own good will be promoted precisely in proportion as he can detract or take from the general good of society. He concludes that individual and social benefits are mutually antagonistical. His mistakes make him sick to acquire without imparting. The consequence is, his whole mind becomes eventually narrowed down to the little circle of self, wherein he alone revolves as subject, attribute and object! and he is virtually cut off from association with his fellow-creatures—almost with his God. He is self-sacrificed.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth and power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its way, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a lofty mind.

Take any community; to whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.—Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking anything during their meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptic, and you will not wash down mechanically that which ought to be masticated and ensativated before it is swallowed.

SILK IN LOUISIANA.—The *New Orleans Times* says that Dr. A. Gourrier, of Iberville Parish, raised last year silk of the best quality. A dozen of the cocoons have been sent to the Paris Exposition; also, a number of skeins of sewing silk—some pure white, others dyed a glossy black. The silk of which they are made was raised from eggs which had been in the Doctor's possession for forty years.

Federick Douglass, being at St. Louis on the 7th inst., was refused a luncheon by every hotel in the city, and had to go to a private house.